

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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CHATER

THE TATLER and BYSTANDER

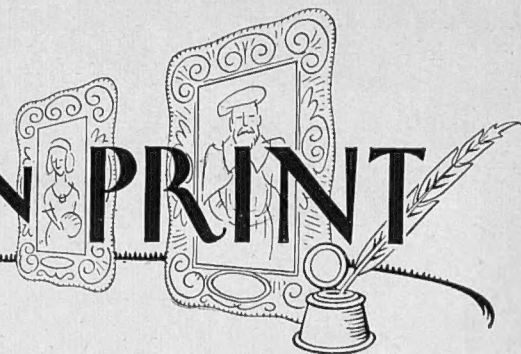


LADY CAROLINE MARY PERCY CHRISTENED

The names of Caroline Mary were given to the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at her christening in the private chapel at Alnwick Castle. The godparents were the Earl of Hopetoun, Earl Haig, Lady Caroline Douglas-Scott and the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon. The Duke and Duchess are seen with their daughter after the ceremony. The Duchess, formerly Lady Elizabeth Montagu-Douglas-Scott, is the elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



Eight Years Have Passed

Is there a publisher about who wishes to turn an honest penny? If such there be, your correspondent can put him in the way of so doing. The thing is perfectly simple, as I see it. He should ask any given number of people, from all walks of life, to write him 500 words on "What I was doing on the morning of September 3, 1939." All will reply and each story will have a flavour at once unique and historical, warm, and human. Collated and given a suitable title, the result would, I am persuaded, be a best-seller.

Should any doubt this as a plain truth, let him now turn to his neighbour and ask him, or her, the question: What were *you* doing? The difficulty will lie in stemming the flow of reminiscence, not in obtaining an answer.

For myself, I was on that morning trying to catch a little sleep beneath a billiards table in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Barnes, fully clad and equipped as a rifleman of the Queen's West-minsters—a strange and not wholly dignified state from which I was awakened by the unforgiving toe (ammunition-boot-covered) of a superior being masquerading as a corporal who required me, and others, to be alive-o! and listen to Mr. Neville Chamberlain's broadcast declaration of war. "This," he said, "will clear your minds somewhat as to your purpose in these parts."

The Blind Came Down

THE day, you will recall, was brilliantly fine. The silvered barrage-balloons hung high and motionless in a vast wash of blue sky and the strong sun lifted from the newly-tarred roads a sharp medicinal tang. In Barnes, where beauty does not abound, the houses were brown-grey and very solemn and their windows gaped open to suck in the heated air. Only little children were in the streets all unaware that the world was about to turn monstrously in its uneasy sleep and spill the blood of those who walked its surface.

I think it was John Hannay, that pillar of the Savoy who was later to become one of Monty's Phantoms, and Patrick Morrah, darkly Irish and fiercely gay, who went with me from the Odd Fellows' Hall to the home of a bus-driver hard-by. He and his wife were sitting in their parlour and the radio set was perched unsteadily upon a stand where normally an aspidistra sate. We had their acquaintance (he had fought in the 1914-18 war and she had made us tea at nights) and they ours. We waited and then we listened to the loudspeaker ordaining our new lives and, perhaps, our deaths.

Sean Fielding.

When Chamberlain finished speaking, the woman rose, walked to the window and said, "I think I'll pull the blind down; the sun makes it very hot in here." The men—the soldiers and the bus-driver—looked at each other and God alone knew what was in their minds, for they were silent, and afraid.

The blind creaked and protested as it was pulled down; it had been so comfortable and undisturbed where it was.

A Changed Man?

ONE more thing: I looked up the TATLER for September 6, 1939—the nearest relevant issue. There striding grimly out of the front-piece, is Mr. Winston Churchill. The shoulders are a shade less rounded than now, the figure somewhat slimmer; black soft hat of orthodox design, a white shirt and loosely-tied silk bow; the jacket is tightly buttoned. An unlighted cigar is in the left hand and a malacca cane jabs harshly at the footpath outside the House of Commons which he is

approaching. He is not yet in the Cabinet.

At this distance of time the photograph takes on a special significance. Churchill was poised, at last, on the threshold of real greatness. Soon, very soon, he would not be as those other men who milled and swirled around him in this crowded island. Soon, very soon, he would himself be the very weft in the cloth of authentic history and lead the nation in what truly was its finest hour.

Look now, gentle reader, at the picture on page 311. It is of that same man, Winston Spencer Churchill. Is he so very different? One would not say so. And yet, and yet. . .

* * *

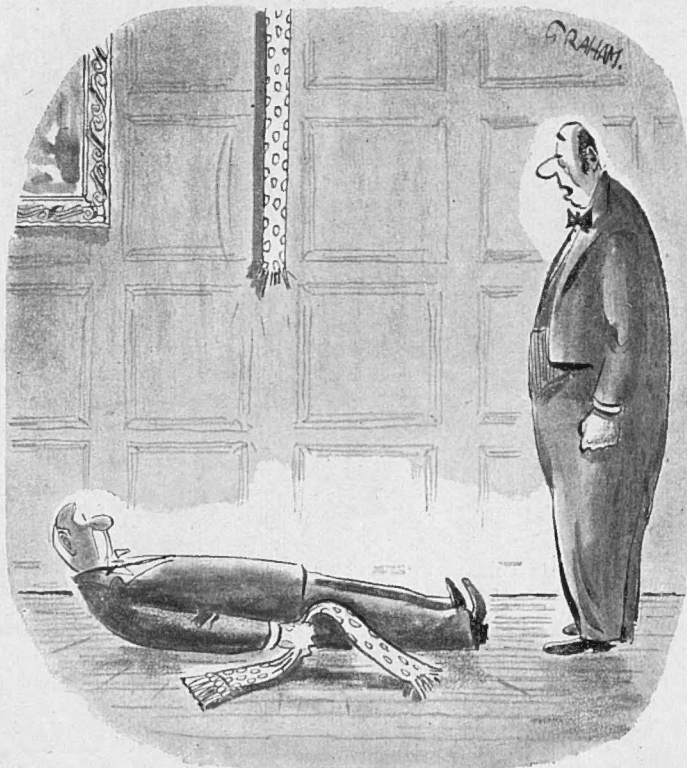
It was, in such a mood, necessary to turn a few more pages of that 1939 TATLER. James Agate, whom we so recently lost, was in goodish form only; his wit sought desperately to shine through the blanketing depression—"He [Henry Fonda] gives us that transcendent charm which was the leading characteristic of a man whose trousers never met either his waistcoat or his ankles"—but, as I read his copy, he felt the cinema pretty small fry beside the epoch-making events then unrolling.

My favourite actor, Mr. Alastair Sim, was shown peering round a bush with a young companion unknown to me and in a picture above there was Yvonne Arnaud. Norman Hartnell, it seems, was at Aix after showing his autumn creations in Paris. Odd that these three should still be very much in the news; Alastair Sim now playing in James Bridie's *Dr. Angelus*, Yvonne Arnaud playing in *Jane*, and Hartnell designing Princess Elizabeth's wedding gown.

Sitting Pretty, with Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, Vera Pearce, Pat Burke and Jack Donohue had just opened at the Princes Theatre and in Paris Priscilla was writing from a "grimly hushed and waiting town, wondering what madness will happen next." The Hon. Eddie Ward, who was later to share many sandy meals with me in the Western Desert before being captured, was at Cannes for the Bal des Petit Lits Blancs, and that wise little man, Sabretache, was stating that the land war might easily last twice the length of the 1914-18 affair.

H'm. Perhaps one shouldn't look at these things—save to remind oneself that the current crisis is no graver (although perhaps just as grave) than that other through which we came with some spiritual, if not material, success.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"You rang, sir? . . ."

Thanks for Benefits

At this point, seeing that many are earnestly stating that they really *are* working hard, it is instructive to slip back in time (precisely, to the seventeenth century). Gervase Markham, writing in his *Farewell To Husbandry* (1653), gives a detailed account of the duties for a day of a ploughman:

"We will (he says) suppose it to be after Christmas. . . . At this time the Plowman shall rise before 4 o'clock in the morning, and after thanks given to God for his rest, and the success of his labours, he shall go into his stable or beast-house, and first he shall fodder his cattle, then clean the house and make the booths clean; then rub down the cattle and cleanse their skins from all filth. Then he shall curry his horses, rub them with cloths and wisps, and make both them and the stables as clean as may be. Then he shall water both his oxen and horses, and housing them again, give them more fodder and to his horse by all means provender, as chaff and dry pease or beans or oat-hulls, or clean garbage (which is the hinder ends of any grain but rye), with the straw chopped small amongst it, according as the ability of the husbandman is.

"And while they are eating their meat, he shall make ready his collars, hames, treats, halters, mullers and plow-gears seeing everything fit and in its due place, and to these labours I will also allow two hours; that is, from four of the clock till six. Then he shall come into breakfast, and to that I allow him half-an-hour, and then another half-hour to the yoking and gearing of his cattle, so that at seven he may set forth to his labours; and then he shall plow from seven o'clock in the morning till betwixt two and three in the afternoon. Then he shall unyoke and bring home his cattle, and having rubbed them, dressed them and cleansed them from all dirt and filth, he shall fodder them and give them their meat. Then shall the servants go in to their dinner, which allowed half-an-hour, it will then be towards four of the clock; at what time he shall go to his cattle again, and rubbing them down and cleansing their stalls, give them more fodder; which done he shall go to the barns and provide and make ready fodder of all kinds for the next day.

Evening Fatigues

"This being done, and carried into the stable, ox-house or other convenient place, he shall then go water his cattle, and give them more meat, and to his horse provender; and by this time it will draw past six o'clock; at what time he shall come into supper, and after supper he shall either sit by the fireside, mend shoes both for himself and their family, or beat and knock hemp or flax, or pick and stamp apples or crabs for cider or vinegar, or else grind malt on the querns,* pick candle ruches, or do some husbandly office till it be fully eight o'clock.

"Then he shall take his lanthorn and candle, and go see his cattle, and having cleansed his stalls and planks, litter them down, look that they are safely tied, and then fodder and give them meat for all night.

"Then, giving God thanks for benefits received that day, let him and his whole household go to their rest till the next morning."

* Quern. The handmill of Scriptural times, still used in the Faroe Isles.

Erratum

Miss Edana Romney, whose picture was published on page 243 in our issue of August 20, is the wife of Mr. John Woolf, not of Mr. Rudolf Cartier, the producer, as stated in the caption. Mr. and Mrs. Woolf have accepted apologies for this unfortunate misstatement.

WORDS WITHOUT SONGS**SONNET: TO PHYLLIDA**

(On reading that women in New York are being asked to sign a petition to Congress for tax rebate in respect of "beauty depreciation and wear and tear.")

Phyllida, 'twere false to state
That those charms depreciate
Which to me become more dear
With the passing of each year.
Time but addeth interest
To a sum already great
And, with such sweet increase blest,
What is there to compensate?

Nor may'st thou claim tax rebate,
Phyllida, for wear and tear
Since each thread of silver hair
Doth my constancy relate
And enduring love defines
Wrinkles as true marriage-lines.

—Justin Richardson



Studio Lisa

LADY GRANT OF MONYMUSK, M.P.

One of the two Conservative women M.P.s—Viscountess Davidson is the other—Lady Grant was returned at the South Aberdeen by-election last November with a large majority. She is the widow of Major Sir Arthur Grant, Grenadier Guards, the eleventh baronet, who was killed in France in 1944, and a daughter of Brigadier Alan Thomson, D.S.O., a well-known Scottish figure. With her are her two daughters, Joanna aged twelve and Anne aged ten



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). From the Somerset Maugham short story. Yvonne Arnaud's unique talent for comedy is most ably supported by Richard Bird, Charles Victor and Irene Browne.

Off the Record (Apollo). This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Hubert Gregg, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

The Crime of Margaret Foley (Comedy). Irish melodrama with strong performances from Terence de Marney, Kathleen O'Regan and Arthur Sinclair.

The Linden Tree (Duchess). The story of a family of today finely told by J. B. Priestley and brilliantly acted by Dame Sybil Thorndike, Sir Lewis Casson, and their supporting cast.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

Trespass (Globe). Emlyn Williams's new play is a dramatic adventure into the supernatural with the author and Françoise Rosay.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

Edward, My Son (His Majesty's). Tragic comedy. Period 1919-1947. Played by Noel Langley and Robert Morley who acts brilliantly with fine support from Peggy Ashcroft.

Peace In Our Time (Lyric). Noel Coward's imaginative survey of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion.

Ever Since Paradise (New). J. B. Priestley's discussion on marriage, light in touch but wise in understanding. With Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans.

Dr. Angelus (Phoenix). By James Bridie. Alastair Sim as a medical murderer whose macabre actions are covered by an irascible wit.

Noose (Saville). A covey of corner-boys, reformed and grown up into seasoned warriors, take a running jump at the Black Market.

Life With Father (Savoy). The successful American comedy of family life with Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart as father and mother.

Separate Rooms (Strand). Frances Day in a new American comedy with Hal Thompson and Bonar Colleano.

The Chiltern Hundreds (Vaudeville) by Douglas Home, with A. E. Matthews, Marjorie Fielding and Michael Shepley.

With Music

Bless the Bride (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Gûetary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Golding, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Annie, Get Your Gun (Coliseum). Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

Oklahoma! (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative. Moves with typical Transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

1066 And All That (Palace). Leslie Henson, Doris Hare and Edwin Styles gambol through the ages in a series of historical incidents in a far from serious vein.

Here, There and Everywhere (Palladium). Tommy Trinder's song and mirth show.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). In which a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.

The Nightingale (Princes). Musical romance by Sax Rohmer and Kennedy Russell, with Mimi Benzell from U.S.A. and John Westbrook.



Ideological Battle in the Professor's study, between his eldest daughter (Freda Gaye), two students (Carmel McSharry and Terence Soall) and his middle daughter (Sonia Williams)

Sketches by
Tom Titt

At the

"The Linden Tree"



Isabel Linden (Sybil Thorndike), the wife who tries to coax her husband from unrewarding struggle and protest into the pleasant ways of retirement

MR. PRIESTLEY is a good citizen; he is also a good artist; and once again he gives us cause to regret that we cannot put it the other way round. His latest play—although, at once be it said, the best by a living author to reach the London stage this year—is another instance of the artist in him having been hustled by the predominant partner into uttering a timely message.

Now is undoubtedly the time when we should be told that there is no room in the ship of State for passengers. All hands to the pump. However ugly, inconvenient and dispiriting the work to be done all must tackle it with a will. None, old or young, man or woman, must turn aside to take what personal and selfish pleasures are still to be found. A good and timely message, we may imagine the artist commenting, but can't it be left to the politicians? No, replies his citizen partner, politicians are dull dogs. Obviously they need all the help that you, an artist in words, can give them. Accordingly it becomes your duty to weave the important message into a stage story. Very well then, sighs the dutiful artist, but shall I have time in the process of giving the nation timely warning to bring off a great play. If not, is the inexorable reply, something that has the makings of a great play must serve.

THE artist, thus sternly commissioned, has done his work manfully. He has created three four-square characters—old Professor Linden, who has conceived it his duty to give up to a provincial university what his family believed that nature had intended for Oxford, his wife, who has stood cheerfully by his side for some thirty years and now craves for the civilized amenities that graced her youth, and their son, a glossy first-class passenger in the ship of State, a spiv *de luxe*, who has found out how to make easy money and intends to enjoy the spending of it while there is yet time. And these three solidly drawn characters are interlocked in a conflict of loyalties and interests

BACKSTAGE



Professor Linden (Lewis Casson) is left with only two allies in his struggle against the corrupt Time Spirit—his youngest daughter Dinah (Tilsa Page) and the housekeeper Mrs. Cotton (Everley Gregg)

Theatre

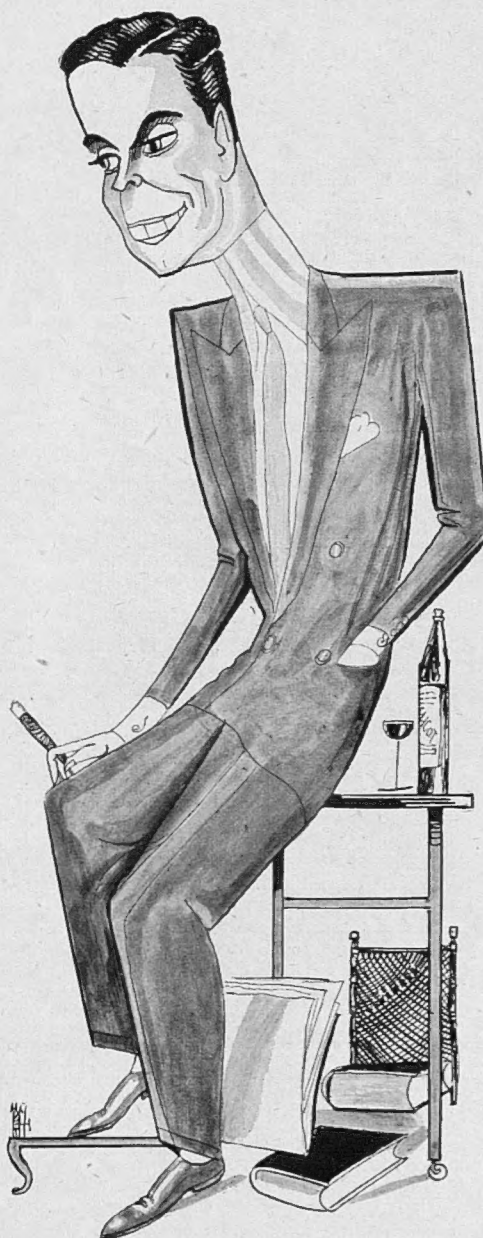
(Duchess)

which intermittently reflects a wide range of these loyalties and interests which are at variance in the modern world.

THE central struggle is between the Professor and his wife, between duty stoutly borne in spite of age, discouragement and tiredness and duty surrendered to weariness and a sense that the struggle has gone on too long. Mrs. Linden wants what the vice-chancellor of the university wants—the Professor's retirement. He has reached retiring age, but he honestly feels that the time has not yet come when he should be relieved from duty in the front-line trenches of the industrial front. And his resolution, though shaken, is not broken when his wife breaks under the strain of her drab provincial responsibilities and leaves home for the luxuries of her son's Mayfair flat. He, with the tenacious courage of age, and his small daughter, with the cheerful courage of inexperience, and a charwoman, with the gay ironic courage of her kind, are at the final curtain still holding the front line.

HERE, certainly, are the makings of a great play—a big theme, dramatic discussions, a genuine revelation of character under pressure, fine scenes for actors which are finely played by Sir Lewis Casson, Dame Sybil Thorndike and Mr. John Dodsworth. Here, as certainly, is nothing more. The story of the Linden family is sometimes repetitive, occasionally there appears a charming little essay pretending to be a fragment of dramatic speech, there are moments of irrelevant doubt and there is one awkward anti-climax—imperfections which suggest that Mr. Priestley has been in too great a hurry to deliver a topical message. Had he brooded with more patience on the possibilities of his theme he might have delivered a play which transcended topicality. Yet, such as it is, its human interest transcends that of any other recent play.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Mirror of His Age, his mother's darling, and everything the Professor is not and does not want to be, is his son Rex (John Dodsworth), the self-confident success of the family

PLAYGOERS who were looking forward to seeing John Gielgud in the West End again after his recent return from a six months' season in Canada and the United States will be surprised to learn that he is busy once more on Broadway.

He came home for only ten days to see his parents and then sailed back to New York, where he is now directing rehearsals of a play for Judith Anderson—a new version of Euripides' *Medea* by the American poet, Robinson Jeffers.

When he was asked to produce the play with an all-American cast Gielgud gladly seized the opportunity of renewing his recent happy association with the American theatre and working with the star who played the Queen to his Hamlet ten years ago.

The production opens in New York in November after a month's try-out. Then the actor London has waited so long to welcome back will come home to decide which of his two Terence Rattigan plays to stage first.

SIR LEWIS CASSON and Dame Sybil Thorndike have long shared the theory that the theatre has a growing public for the "question mark" play—a play that tackles problems of the moment and sends the audience home with something to think out for themselves.

They are enjoying a proof of that theory in their success with J. B. Priestley's *The Linden Tree* at the Duchess Theatre.

These seasoned troupers are not perturbed by the recent rather breathless coming and going of plays in London. They consider it a great incentive for plays of substance to challenge the public. They point to the enthusiasm for better-quality musical plays and the rising standard of B.B.C. entertainment as further signs of an improvement in public taste.

NOT long ago Ivor Novello had three shows running simultaneously in London. He will have only one when his comedy of theatrical management, *We Proudly Present*, ends its four and a half months' run at the Duke of York's on Saturday.

Only *Perchance to Dream* remains to keep the Novello flag flying in the West End, but not for long. It leaves the London Hippodrome next month, after two and a half years' run, to tour South Africa.

Compared with this success, the run of *We Proudly Present* might, by Novello standards, be judged a failure, but its author is quite happy. The play has kept people laughing through a spell of hot weather that has hit many box-offices and it is now set for a three months' tour (with Phyllis Monkman, Peter Graves and Irene Handl among the original cast), opening in Leeds next Monday.

VAL PARSELL has again engaged Robert Nesbitt and Joan Davis to stage his next London Hippodrome show—an extravaganza combining revue, variety and cabaret which brings Pat Kirkwood back to town with Vic Oliver and Fred Emney.

Robert Nesbitt, dark, dapper and forty, has produced a long list of London musical shows in the last fifteen years. He has the good looks of an actor but has never been on the stage. He began life in the advertising business and graduated to producing through writing lyrics and cabaret material. His first production was the revue *Ballyhoo* in 1932.

Joan Davis, who will direct the dancers, went on the stage at eight in a vaudeville dancing act called Katrina and Joan, toured the world with it and was in turn comedienne, commère and leading lady's understudy at Drury Lane before she established herself as a dance producer twelve years ago.

AFTER curtain fall at the Whitehall Theatre the other night Ronald Shiner and the rest of the *Worm's Eye View* cast had a surprise visit from Harry Armstrong, the sixty-nine years old American song writer.

Armstrong, who is here on a holiday tour, had gone there to hear the R.A.F. "rookies" sing two of his best-known songs, *Nellie Dean* and *Sweet Adeline*, as they do every night in the show. Long after the audience had gone home he was busy at the play's out-of-tune piano, leading the cast in a sing-song.

Beaumont Newhall

Freda Bruce Lockhart



"The Song of the Thin Man" brings William Powell and Myrna Loy together again in the pursuit of a crafty murderer

At The Pictures

Marxiana

CINEMA's great clowns are the most sadly missed of the stars. Starved of laughter we wait hopefully for a triennial Chaplin or Lloyd, or for a lone Marx Brother, while the less rare Bob Hope keeps the pot of folly boiling. Once upon a time there were four Marx Brothers; then there were three. Frankly nobody missed Zeppo.

Now, in *Copacabana* at the London Pavilion, there is only one, and the absence of Chico and even of Harpo will only occasionally be noticed. For Groucho proves finally that he is the essential Marx, the subversive philosopher reducing realities to nothing. In the old days, the Marx Brothers used to bring a welcome breath of insanity into the routine formulae of the commercial cinema. Today when the influence of a fifth Marx has turned the world upside down, Marxian anarchy seems more like sanity in the the midst of Marxist mania.

This is not to pretend that *Copacabana* comes up to the standard of the best Marx pictures. It contains no such complete profession of the family faith as that inspired scene where two of the brothers went methodically through a contract, tearing it up clause by clause. But Groucho says nearly all that can be said about trying to get away with a dud cheque: getting a blank cheque form from the hotel receptionist, he asks the name of the hotel's bank, fills it in with a flourish and, on being told that the cheque is no good without his signature, protests truthfully: "It's perfectly good now—it'll be much worse if I sign it" and primly reproves the management for trying to make him break the law by signing a bad cheque.

GROUCHO and Miss Carmen Miranda make a better balanced team than might have been feared. The exuberant Miss Miranda indeed does more than her share by putting on a lightning change act, appearing as Carmen from Brazil on one floor of the Copacabana Club, and as Mademoiselle Fifi from French Morocco, in veil and blonde wig, on another. Her legitimate complaint that she can't be in two places at the same time, Groucho answers with perfect logic—"Why not, Boston and Philadelphia are in two places at the same time"—but the two grotesques cannot between them carry the whole show out of the doldrums of commonplace "musical" convention.

This is where we begin, after all, to miss Chico and Harpo and the Marxes' monumental stooge,

Miss Margaret Dumont. Even if they were all, as we may suspect, only stooges for Groucho, they peopled the Marxian world and filled in empty corners with blondes and music of a different order from the terrible *longueurs* devoted to sickly lyrics by Andy Russell—who looks even more like a mooncalf than most crooners—to daydreams by the innocuous but insignificant Miss Gloria Jean, or to a floorshow as tedious as all but first-rate floorshows can be.

Shorn of his famous eyebrows and of at least half the moustache (except for one demented interlude when he rushes on to steal the floorshow in full familiar warpaint), Groucho has lost nothing of the ogling coyness, the serpentine skill with which he can twist a commonplace line. A manager calls him "the most untalented person I've ever seen;" Groucho's "Oh, I wouldn't say that" might have been said in a dozen ways, all unfunny. Only that deprecating air of detachment could make it seem the one perfect answer. *Copacabana* provides just enough such authentic Marxiana to make the floorshow worth sitting through.

NICK and Nora Charles (Mr. William Powell and Miss Myrna Loy) have made the "Thin Man" series a comedy institution on a more worldly level: the only grown-up film serial. In twenty years (if Hollywood still exists) we may see Mr. Powell and Miss Loy as the grey-haired "Grandparents of the Thin Man," with Nickie, Jr. (who is now eight) doing the amateur detecting and seventh or eighth generation dog Asta.

Detection in *The Song of the Thin Man*, now showing at the Empire, is below the usual Charles standard. The fracas on a gambling ship, where all the trouble begins, is as muddling to the audience as to Nick Charles. We spend most of the time trying to sort out who is who, and can only take comfort from Mr. Powell's assurance that "we're on no spot the solution of the crime won't get us off." He solves it in a most perfunctory manner, flitting from *fait accompli* to *fait accompli*, and suspect to suspect, with none of the smooth care for detail we expect, though with the old wit and nonchalance.

Detection has, of course, become only an unwelcome interruption in the domestic life of the Charleses: Nick and Nora in bed, at the breakfast-table, bringing up Nickie, taking Asta for a walk, and moving, cool and suave as ever, through the many peculiar *milieus* into which other people's crime leads them.

I never expected to think a "jam session" too quickly over. But a frighteningly orgiastic gathering, characterized by all the intensity of a revivalist meeting, led by a gross pianist beating the keys in frustrated agony as he repeats "I can't feel it—I can't feel it," is one of those fascinatingly observed sequences which sometimes find their way into the most humdrum films. In their search for a missing clarinetist, Nick and Nora are led to this orgy by an amiable musician (the amusing Mr. Keenan Wynn), who literally and honestly has

no common language with them, although Miss Loy interprets his unintelligible jive jargon to Mr. Powell with a delightful diffidence. As one of the original guests to the gambling ship comments: "What charm!—What refinement!—What cultured tomaytoes!"

THERE is nothing funny about *The Master of Bankdam*, at the Leicester Square Theatre, except the assortment of accents supposed to represent every layer of Yorkshire wool-town society. Mr. Tom Walls's competent Northern Mummerset, as the self-made first Master of the Bankdam mills, is more acceptable than the irrepressible London vowels of Mr. Dennis Price as Joshua, the Master's younger son, who shines at the creative art of cloth-designing while his elder brother Zebediah (a convincing performance by Mr. Stephen Murray) handles the dirty work of selling. Family chronicles of this type—the film is based on Thomas Armstrong's "The Crowthers of Bankdam"—are apt to be a bore on the screen, from generation to generation, unless exceptionally well directed, consistently well acted or even both.

The Master of Bankdam is the kind of film where things only happen after it has been made doubly clear to the audience exactly what is about to happen: pregnancy, marriage, birth, death, inevitable collapse of unsafe building, march of angry workers to Big House, and victory of young master (Mr. Jimmy Hanley) over workers' soft-bred cousin Lancelot, old uncle Zebediah and all.

If this film and the recent *So Well Remembered* are to be taken as symptomatic of a trend in British films to approach the drearier side of our provincial life (a perfectly proper theme for the cinema) with a class-consciousness that sets the teeth on edge by being hideously off-key at every level, it is a dismal development. At least Mr. Rank might consider replacing his Charm School by a much-needed elementary course in English accents.

AT two hours and five minutes, the "abbreviated" version of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* reissued at the Plaza is still about half-an-hour too long. Another thirty minutes might well come off the second half of the film where Hemingway and Miss Ingrid Bergman do their worst and Mr. Gary Cooper's dying monosyllabic monologue—"I am you. You are me. . . ."—sounds like a Hemingway self-parody. But cutting has improved the first half almost beyond recognition. Condensed, it becomes an intimate close-up of a group of guerrilla-fighters in their mountain hide-out. Miss Katina Paxinou's exhilarating performance as the ripe, rugged idealist Pilar and Mr. Akim Tamiroff's as her shifty, cowardly, bully, indispensable Pablo, are now allowed to dominate these scenes as they should; and they almost justify the revival, thus improved, of a film which in its earlier form I found a mammoth bore.

FRANÇOISE ROSAY

Drawing by Philip Youngman Carter

The London stage is the richer this season for the presence in *Trespass*, Emlyn Williams's play at the Globe, of the incomparable Mme Rosay. Her wit and genius have lifted many French films to the level of classics, notably *Kermesse Heroique* which was produced by her husband Jacques Feyder. In England she has starred in *Johnny Frenchman* among other successes, and work is just beginning at Ealing Studios on *Saraband for Dead Lovers* which Basil Dearden is directing. Despite her delicious—and sometimes malicious—French accent, Mme Rosay was educated partly in England and spent some of her schooldays in Brighton. Her first appearance on the English stage was in 1944 when she gave several war charity performances at His Majesty's Theatre in the early part of the year, holding her audiences fascinated for two hours by her character studies of typical Frenchwomen from a charwoman to a *mondaine*.



Youngman & Co.
47

THE BALLATER HIGHLAND GAMES



One of the King's Pipers, R. B. Nicol, of Balmoral, in the piping competition



Col. Eric D. Mackenzie, of Braichlie, Ballater (second left), with his party. On his left are the Marchioness of Aberdeen and Lucy Countess of Erroll



F/Lt. H. G. Lumsden and Miss Susan Vaughan Lee sitting out at the Ball



Major E. J. D. Snowball, Master of the King's Guard, dancing with Miss P. Arthur



Lieut. H. R. Fraser, Seaforth Highlanders, Mrs. E. McIsaac, Lucy Countess of Erroll and Col. E. D. Mackenzie during an interval



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. G. Grant Robertson and Mr. E. W. and Mrs. Murray Watt waiting to take part in a Highland reel



The Highland dancing in full swing at the Victoria Hall, Ballater, where the Ball, a most successful event, was held to round off the Games

AND BALL



George Clarke, Scottish Heavy Stone champion, following through after a tremendous throw



Capt. A. Brown and Miss J. Cunningham Jardine during a pause in the dancing



Mr. I. G. P. Grant and Miss N. C. Lumsden were two more of the guests



Col. G. A. Rusk, of the Black Watch, with Miss Scrymgeour-Wedderburn



Miss Joy Powyer, Miss Pamela Wilson, Mr. Bruce Hamilton and Mr. Archer Watson were also there



Capt. and Mrs. G. G. Rutherford, of Baldourie. The Ball was held in the Salutation Hotel



Major James Drummond-Hay, of Seggieden, with Count and Countess Douglas, of Sweden. The MacLaine of Lochbuie organised the event



Miss Cherry Drummond, of Megginch Castle, with Lord Carnegie, son and heir of the Earl of Southesk



Mrs. Violet Pardoe, Miss Russell Parsons, Mr. P. Cox, of Invergourie, and Mr. John Drummond, of Megginch

AIRBORNE FORCES SECURITY FUND BALL AT PERTH

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

SCOTLAND.—Unlike last year, the weather has been exceptionally good since the Court arrived at Balmoral. The King and Queen and the two Princesses have been spending nearly all their time outdoors. These restful days in the energising Highland air are acting like a tonic on the King, who was a tired man when he left London, and on the Queen, too, for even Her Majesty's unflagging energies were taxed nearly to their limit by the strenuous Royal programme which followed without interval on the South African tour.

Both Princess Elizabeth and Lt. Philip Mountbatten are enjoying the long quiet days they are spending together at Balmoral, which Lt. Mountbatten described jokingly to a Naval friend before he left Corsham to fly north, as "the lull before the storm"; for his experience during the recent Royal visit to Edinburgh left him in no doubt about the avalanche of publicity that is in wait for him. Lt. Philip flew north in one of the Vikings of the King's Flight, which is in daily service as a mail plane during Their Majesties' stay on Deeside, arriving at the Castle in time for lunch. He is a useful if not first-rate shot, and an enthusiastic stalker, an enthusiasm he shares with the Princess, who is never happier than when she is crawling inch by inch along the most difficult hill to get near enough to have a shot at a stag.

THE grouse reports up north this year have been varied. Nowhere have they been good, but in some places better than had been anticipated. On the 12th everyone was contented to "walk over" their moors, and there were no drives arranged that I heard about. At Balmoral it was a boiling day and H.M. the King went out only for a few hours on the Gairnshiel Moor, on the Invercauld Estate, with a few friends to see what the prospects were really like. The bag was moderate, but the party had an enjoyable day and were joined for a picnic lunch by H.M. the Queen and the two Princesses.

The Duchess of Buccleuch, who is kept busy when in Scotland performing many public functions in the district, as well as being hostess to a houseful of visitors at Drumlanrig during the summer months, was out on the 12th with her son, the Earl of Dalkeith, her two daughters, the Duchess of Northumberland and Lady Caroline Scott, and a party of friends, including the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Gibbs, Lady Elizabeth Fitzmaurice, and Professor Dunlop. They shot over Durisdeer Rigg, at Drumlanrig, and found the prospects not too bad.

IN Perthshire Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Peshall and a party of friends are again shooting Glenquach and North Logie Almond for the fourth successive season. Logie Almond belongs to the Earl of Mansfield, who owns Scone Palace and many acres in Perthshire and Dumfriesshire. Members of the party include Col. the Hon. George Akers-Douglas, W/Cdr. Gerald Oakley-Beuttler and his wife, who is a fine shot and is shooting better than ever this year, and Lord Hazlerigg, who is in his usual jovial form and enjoying a short rest from his duties as Lord Lieutenant of

Leicestershire; others in the party from Leicestershire include Capt. L. A. Wright and Mrs. Arthur Gemmell.

In this district, too, grouse have proved more plentiful than they had dared hope. Lord Napier and Ettrick was out from Thirlestane Castle on the 12th with his son and heir, the Master of Napier, Col. Claud Scott, Sir Gordon Lethen and Col. Hankey, and found that although birds were scarce they were better than last year.

Major Houston, of Lintrathen, has rented Glenhead in Angus from the Earl of Airlie, and his guns on the opening day included Sir Douglas Ramsay, Capt. J. Duncan and his son, Major A. Houston.

A FEW American visitors have started the pre-war practice of taking Scottish moors once again. The Earl of Dalhousie has let two of his moors to tenants from across the Atlantic, Gannocky having been taken by Mr. Herbert Pulitzer and Hunthill by Mr. W. Beech.

Other news I have up here is that the Duke and Duchess of Montrose have their younger daughter, Lady Jean Graham, staying with them at Brodick Castle until the early autumn, when they plan to accompany her to the Middle East for her marriage to Mr. John Patrick Fford.

The Earl and Countess of Lindsay have their two schoolgirl daughters spending their holidays with them in the Highlands. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter once again have a family party staying with them at Garrows. Lady Abertay came North the same night as I did with her three daughters, the Hon. June, the Hon. Rosemary and the Hon. Caroline Coupar, to spend the rest of the summer at their home, Tullybelton. Lady Abertay is the widow of the late baron, on whose

death in 1940 the title became extinct.

BEFORE I left London I went to the charming and informal little wedding reception Mme. Ruegger gave after the marriage of her daughter, Baroness Maria-Teresa du Four Chiodelli Manzoni, to Lord and Lady Armstrong's only child, the Hon. William Watson-Armstrong. In their suite at the Dorchester the Swiss Minister and Mme. Ruegger received the guests with the bride and bridegroom, Mme. Ruegger wearing a cool blue and white printed dress, while the bride, who is dark and very pretty, wore a dress of ice blue combined with navy blue, and a small hat to match.

Lord and Lady Armstrong were meeting many friends, and among those I saw enjoying the delicious wedding-cake and drinking the health of the bride and bridegroom were the Ambassadors from Norway and China, the latter accompanied by his charming daughter, who had pinned a bunch of anemones to her dress. Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, just returned from her holiday at Virginia Water, was in tremendously good spirits. Major Bruce was there with his attractive Swedish-born wife, and near by I met the Rev. Whiteman, who served as a chaplain during the war, and has recently been appointed to Grosvenor Chapel in South Audley Street, where his quiet personality will



Lenore
Miss Susan Standish, one of this year's debutantes, is the only daughter of Mrs. George Munro-Kerr and of the late Mr. Edward Standish, of Marwell Hall, near Winchester

be a great asset. I was interested to learn that Grosvenor Chapel was built in the days when Berkeley Square was a large wood, and the happy hunting-ground of footpads, who frequently robbed the worshippers from the Grosvenor Square district on their way to the parish church at St. George's, Hanover Square. Their attendance rather naturally dwindled with this increasingly precarious journey, so Grosvenor Chapel was built to enable them to attend church with ease and safety.

MRS. PILCHER was another guest I met. She told me her daughter Nadine, who married Lord Killlearn's son and heir, the Hon. Graham Lampson, is in the country with her baby and husband, who is on a military course, but they hope to be back in their London home in the autumn.

The Hon. Mrs. William Watson-Armstrong is a lucky girl, as her mother has given her a villa in Capri, where she and her husband are spending their honeymoon, also a car and some lovely jewellery, while Lord and Lady Armstrong have given the bride and bridegroom some fine silver. After their honeymoon the young couple are going to make their home in Northumberland, where the bridegroom's family have several seats.

I HEAR news from Bembridge, which has enjoyed a wonderful season. Everyone says it has been the greatest fun, with wonderful weather. Sailing Redwings, which I always associate with my happiest days at Bembridge, has been as popular as ever, inspired with great enthusiasm by charming Miss Jean Cochrane, who is the very able secretary of this select little sailing club.

When, some days, there has hardly been enough wind to sail, there have always been the other diversions of shrimping, bathing and



End of Season

Lady George Scott (Molly Bishop, the artist), Major Christopher Seymour and Mrs. Michael Watson at the Bagatelle

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



Harlip
Miss Marigold Cross, another débutante of this year, is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Carlton Cross, of Letcombe Manor, Wantage, Berkshire



Fayer
Miss June Spencer Spriggs is the younger daughter of Sir Frank and Lady Spencer Spriggs, of 37, Grosvenor Square. She has worked for two years at the British Embassy, Tehran, and also in Yugoslavia



H.E. Señora Napoleon Solares, wife of the Bolivian Ambassador

plenty of good tennis courts in the vicinity. Among those who have been enjoying this unique spot were Lord and Lady Brabazon of Tara, who were over at Cowes for the Regatta, and their son and heir, the Hon. Derek Moore-Brabazon, Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, and Sir Derrick and Lady Gunston. Sir Derrick is very keen on sailing, and is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, while Lady Gunston knows Bembridge well, as her mother, the late Mrs. George St. George, had a lovely house there where she spent part of every year.

ETHEL LADY BONHAM had her son, Sir Anthony Bonham, and his very pretty wife staying with her. Everyone was talking about the very good dance which General and Mrs. Woodruffe gave in Regatta Week for their very attractive auburn-haired daughter Jane, who, I hear, looked really lovely at the dance, which was held in Lady Ismay's house that she had kindly lent for the occasion. It was a very hot evening and many guests sat out in the delightful garden, so the dance floor was never overcrowded. General and Mrs. Woodruffe were busy looking after their guests with Mr. Jack Woodruffe, and among those at the party were Lady Ismay, Mr. and Mrs. "Jock" Backhouse, who were staying down at Bembridge with their children, Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mr. Bob Holland, Mr. Tom Thornycroft, one of the keenest yachtsmen, and his son Peter, Major Norman Fraser, Mr. Jock Pease, Miss Patricia Bailey, Miss Jean Cochrane, Major Guy Knight and his attractive wife, Mrs. Fenwick, Miss Pamela Morrison-Bell, Mr. Arthur Colegate from Shropshire and his two daughters, Anne and Joy. Also Major Peter Herbert and his wife were there. Major Herbert spent many of his childhood summers at Bembridge, as did

Mrs. Clegg, who was at the dance with her husband. She will be remembered as Miss Anne Phillips.

A LETTER from Middlesex tells me that the student nurses of the Harefield County Hospital recently inaugurated a successful fête in aid of a National Fund for Nurses who contract tuberculosis in the course of their duties.

The fête was opened by Lord Vansittart, who had come over from his home at nearby Denham. He presented a cheque for £25, and wished the fund every success. Altogether the fête realised the splendid sum of £500. Lady Vansittart accompanied her husband and made several purchases. The Estonian Minister and Mme. Torma were two more visitors, accompanied by Prof. and Mme. Oras, and the whole party were particularly interested in the display of national dancing by the Estonian members of the hospital staff. Prof. Oras, who was formerly a distinguished member of the University of Tartu, is now working at the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

In his speech Lord Vansittart stressed that those who had dedicated themselves to nursing had chosen a profession which, above all others, demanded patience. It was one which he, as a diplomat, another profession needing patience and tolerance, could particularly appreciate.

FOR all who are going to be in London on Tuesday, September 9th, don't forget the Theatrical Garden Party in aid of the Actors' Orphanage. It is being held this year at the Kennington Oval from 2 to 6.30 p.m., when you will be able to meet all your favourite stage and screen stars, who are running the side-shows. There is also to be a cricket match, which commences at 11.30 a.m., between the Old Empire XI and the Stage Cricket XI.



Diners-Out Find a Cool Spot on a Sultry London Evening

Mrs. Christopher Seymour and Lord George Scott, who is the Duke of Buccleuch's youngest brother



At a table for four were Brigadier R. P. Harding, Brigadier C. V. Harvey, Mrs. R. P. Harding and Mrs. Hamilton Hill

IN the midst of the Amazonian jungle, about 3000 miles up the 4000-mile river, an aircraft rose on seventeen successive days, in search of a lost flier. At last the missing man was discovered. Immediately a party of rescuers on river rafts, and on mules on the mosquito-infested land, was directed to the spot by the aircraft. The missing Bolivian, who had almost starved to death in three weeks among boa constrictors, alligators and water hogs, was alive. The aerial search leader had been his brother, industrialist, reformer, politician, painter, and first Bolivian Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at St. James's, Señor Don Napoleon Solares.

Only a few days ago the British and Bolivian Governments agreed, because of the cordiality of our relations, to raise their respective Missions to Embassy status, and Señor Solares, Minister here since the end of 1946, became Ambassador of the republic of gold and silver, tin and rubber: a land that is four to five times the area of these Isles.

His Excellency has long been associated with Hermanos Suarez, the company controlling about 12,000,000 acres of forest and woodland, on the borders of Peru, near the world's highest railway, 15,000 ft. up. Solares is proud of the link with Nicolas Suarez, his father-in-law, for the "rubber king of South America," who died recently at eighty-eight, had helped to revolutionise life for tens of thousands of workers. Solares as general manager had proposed and Suarez had heartily agreed to the economic innovations.

LIKE his father-in-law, Solares came of humble stock. After studying at a secondary school in Santa Cruz, he decided to study commerce in Great Britain. He reached these shores in the middle of the First World War, when he was fifteen. He lived in Hampstead, studied and also worked in the British offices of the Suarez concern, where his wage was £2 weekly.

Five years later, Solares went home to do his year's military training, rose to sergeant and in 1924 became branch manager of the Suarez Company. In 1930 he was selected general manager at Cachvela Esperanza, a Suarez town with modern installations, including a talkie cinema.

Ten thousand men and women were busy collecting the milk-like liquid from the abundant wild rubber trees that wait to be tapped. When the world slump struck Bolivia, and her customers, Solares concentrated on Brazil nuts, which he exported to Great Britain and the U.S.A. He raised a vast modern factory.

THREE Solares, the capitalist, was chosen for the Senate by the workers. A few years ago, while in Buenos Aires he discovered that the President had ordered the Bolivian authorities there not to extend him a visa for returning home. The exile continued for four years, until the people of Bolivia, enraged, ended the career of the head of the state with pro-Nazi leanings. The exile was now ended, and late last year Solares consented to become his country's representative in the land where he had come as a boy, to study commerce and to enjoy our art. Now he waits to spread the links of trade and good will that both States desire.

Swabe

George Bilainkin



At times the desire for a rest in a shady spot overcame the excitement of the racing at the Royal Windsor Meeting; and the sunbaked course was refreshed with Thames water to make the going easier

The Spectators Were Beaten at Windsor



The Hon. J. J. Astor, who rode in the Amateur Riders' Holiday Handicap



Miss Patricia Towers-Clarke with her mother, who is a well-known Midlands owner



Miss Clayton with Mr. H. Quennell, whose horse Bilbao II. was running



Prince and Princess Svevelode, formerly Lady Mary Lygon, in the members' enclosure



Mrs. R. Raphael, looking enviably cool, discusses the programme with Col. Nicholls



Major W. R. Uthwatt Bouverie, the Master (centre), waiting for the hounds on Barford Bridge with two other followers



Also waiting on Barford Bridge before the hunt began, Mrs. Guy Bartleet and Miss Nancy Turrall



Mrs. Uthwatt Bouverie, wife of the Master, with her son Billy and Mr. Leo West, accompanied by two eager auxiliaries



Skilled co-ordination is one of the secrets of successful otter-hunting, as these two followers negotiating barbed wire could testify



Miss P. M. Perrott, Lt.-Col. G. H. Bartleet and Miss R. E. Dormer. The first two are carrying the "spears" which are such useful accessories



The otter has taken refuge under the roots of a waterside tree, from which he is about to be evicted by sundry proddings

Hunting the Elusive Otter in North Oxfordshire



As the stream narrows, hounds of the Deddington Mill, near Banbury, Otter Hunt close in towards their quarry

Young Tennis Players Defy the Heat-Wave in Children's Tournament at Frinton



Sun-tanned, happy, and ravenous, the young contestants sit down to tea on the lawn outside the clubhouse

Photographs by Swaeb



Lt.-Col. H. D. Murrane, M.C., Secretary of the Frinton Tennis Club, and Mrs. C. F. Bland, the ladies' captain



Daniel and Anna Massey, children of Mrs. Dwight Whitney (Adrianne Allan) and Raymond Massey



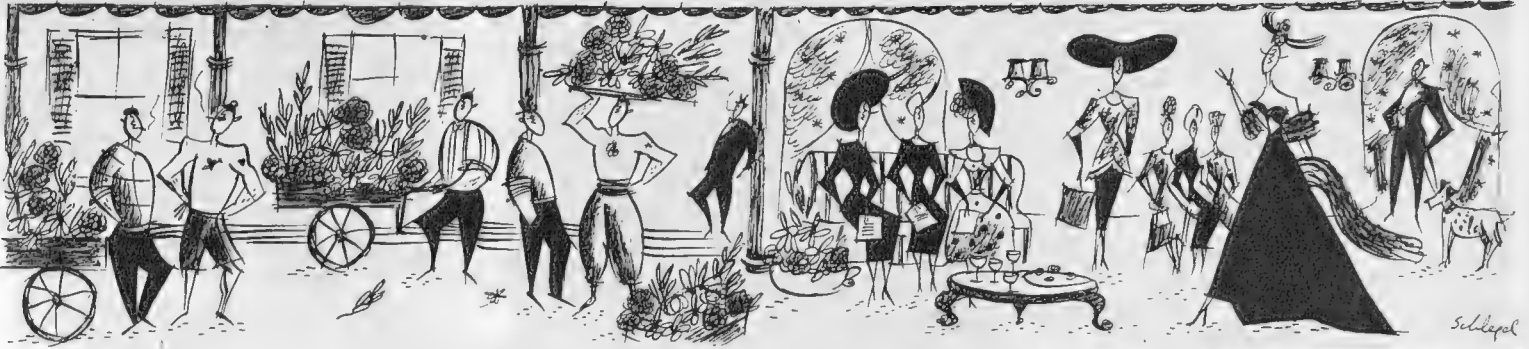
Charles Benson and Deirdre Fuller, who won the first prize. They won fifty-six games out of their sixty-three



Mrs. David Hindley-Smith and her children, Susan and Amanda, find an oasis of dappled shade to rest in



Lady Davina, Lady Marye and Lady Gillian Pepys, daughters of the Earl and Countess of Cottenham



Priscilla in Paris

The Fashion is Decreed

THE days are too hot for anything more strenuous than reading—and dozing—behind closed shutters, and one only lives during the evening hours. After a particularly late night I happened to be near Les Halles at the hour when the flowers with which all Paris celebrates *la Ste Marie* were arriving. A hundred and fifty tons of exquisite blossoms scented the streets around the Central Markets. Great sheaves of flamboyant, spired gladioli, huge bunches of carnations of every shade, from the palest pink to the deepest red that is almost black, silver-white petalled marguerites, with their gay yellow centres, and, though June is so long past, roses everywhere.

Already the retail vendors were queueing up with their barrows and push-carts, light trucks, and delivery vans. Market porters, stripped to the waist, and many of them bare-footed, lugged their unusually pleasant loads with assured enjoyment, dawdling as long as they dared under the jets of the watering hoses that inundated the stone flags and turned the gutters into miniature torrents. This is a picturesque sight that visitors to Paris should not miss even if it means getting up early, or not going to bed at all!

THE terrible task of the fashion writers who have been viewing the autumn collections, morning, noon and night, for the last three weeks, is almost over. Nothing will induce me to sit through an entire "showing," when the most spacious salons become a cross between the parrot- and monkey-houses of the Zoo, but I have looked round doorways and craned on tip-toe, seen a pleasant sufficiency, and fled while the flying was good.

There is method in my madness. When one stands on the outskirts of the scrum one gets the coolest cocktail, the first pick of the *petits fours* and the choicest cigarettes.

Again the *succès de curiosité* went to Christian Dior who, with Jacques Fath, who started the movement last spring, is the great advocate of longer skirts. Of course, Bébé Bérard—looking like a plump Raspoutine—was present, dog, beard and all, somewhat wilted and warm. It looks as if Dior may be losing one of his youngest and prettiest mannequins, Sylvia by name, for Billy Wilder saw her during the Press presentation and went into a long conference with her at the Paramount cocktail party later on. As an example of the new fashions, from an 18-in. belt fell, in rich folds, a skirt that was said to measure 20 metres in circumference. I did not see what it was made of, but I hope it was butter muslin. Shades of our near ancestors, are we really to become so unpractical?

Some thirteen years ago Marcel Rochas—who has the prettiest wife and loveliest children of all the stars of *la haute couture*—was the daring man who launched the short

skirt; and now he also is just as sure that our lower limbs must be wrapped in mystery. All his new skirts are wide and long. Eleven inches off the ground for morning and sports wear, and 8 in. for the afternoon.

A NOVEL note is the long, almost impalpable stole of ethereal *mousseline de soie* that accompanies his gorgeously lovely evening frocks, gorgeous but discreet in colour—greys, smoky semi-tints and night blues. Quite the most startling creation I have seen is a lamb-skin coat dyed to give a tartan effect in red and black on a bright yellow ground. I will not say where I saw it, but I may perhaps mention that its designer spent the war years in America, which may explain it. Jacques Heim's high-necked "little frocks" are enchanting, and I saw the charming model he designed for Mrs. Charles Davis to wear at the Concours d'Élégance at Antibes. Shoulders have become as nature intended them to be. The ultra-padded, super-athletic effects we have put up with so long are definitely "out"! Everywhere one sees kimono and raglan lines.

Finally, there is my beloved Jean Patou with his perfectly tailored morning frocks, the grand allure of his cosy coats, the becoming simplicity of his evening gowns, and the magnificence of the materials with which they are made.

AMONG those I saw in the pale-grey salons was that very clever young actress, Micheline Presle, for whom Patou made the dresses she wears in the Jean-Paul Sartre film that will be seen in Paris this autumn. Others known for their sober *chic* I saw included Mme. Samazeuilh, Mme. Bonnier de la Chapelle, Mme. Jean Barreyre, Mme. Idekowsky and Mrs. M. B. Davis, who, tearing herself away from her delightful Casa de Mar at Argelès, in the Pyrenees, had come up to town for her autumn shopping.

Now is "Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain." However, the plains are not yet yellow everywhere and I hope to return to the Farm in September.

Voilà!

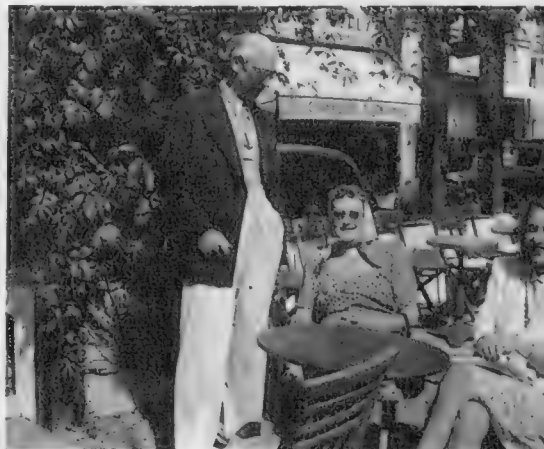
● The famous barrister, M. de Moro Giallerri, received, the other day, a very worried-looking young man: "Maitre," he said, "I wish to get a divorce." "Why?" asked "Moro." "Because I'm married," was the simple reply.



Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Lindsey enjoying the sun on the terrace of the Club House. Many English visitors are flying over for the week-ends



Capt. R. A. Wilson discusses a technical point with Mr. Arthur Grant, the Le Touquet, golf professional, on the magnificent course



Mr. F. S. Cotton, Mrs. Drummond Black and Miss Eileen Dolan talking on the veranda of the Hotel Normandie. Le Touquet has now largely recovered from its five years of German occupation

Visiting Le Touquet



Two of the younger players on whom the club is concentrating: Miss R. Wilmer and Miss C. Cotter



Mrs. A. S. Harmsworth and Mr. G. R. Rudkin surveying the ground at New Park Farm

THIS POLO C ITS PLAY

The Rhinefield Polo Club at Brockenhurst, Hants, has restarted last year, and new members of both sexes are playing with a soft ball and untrained ponies. The novices are given instruction by the club's own New Forest ponies. The novices are given instruction by the club's own New Forest ponies. The club, in fact, did very well indeed at



Lt.-Col. J. N. Cash, the hon. secretary and general organiser, chalks up team names



Mr. G. R. Rudkin and Major Charles Davenport take the ball after a throw-in



Lt. de Pass, R.N., stops the ball during a throw-in



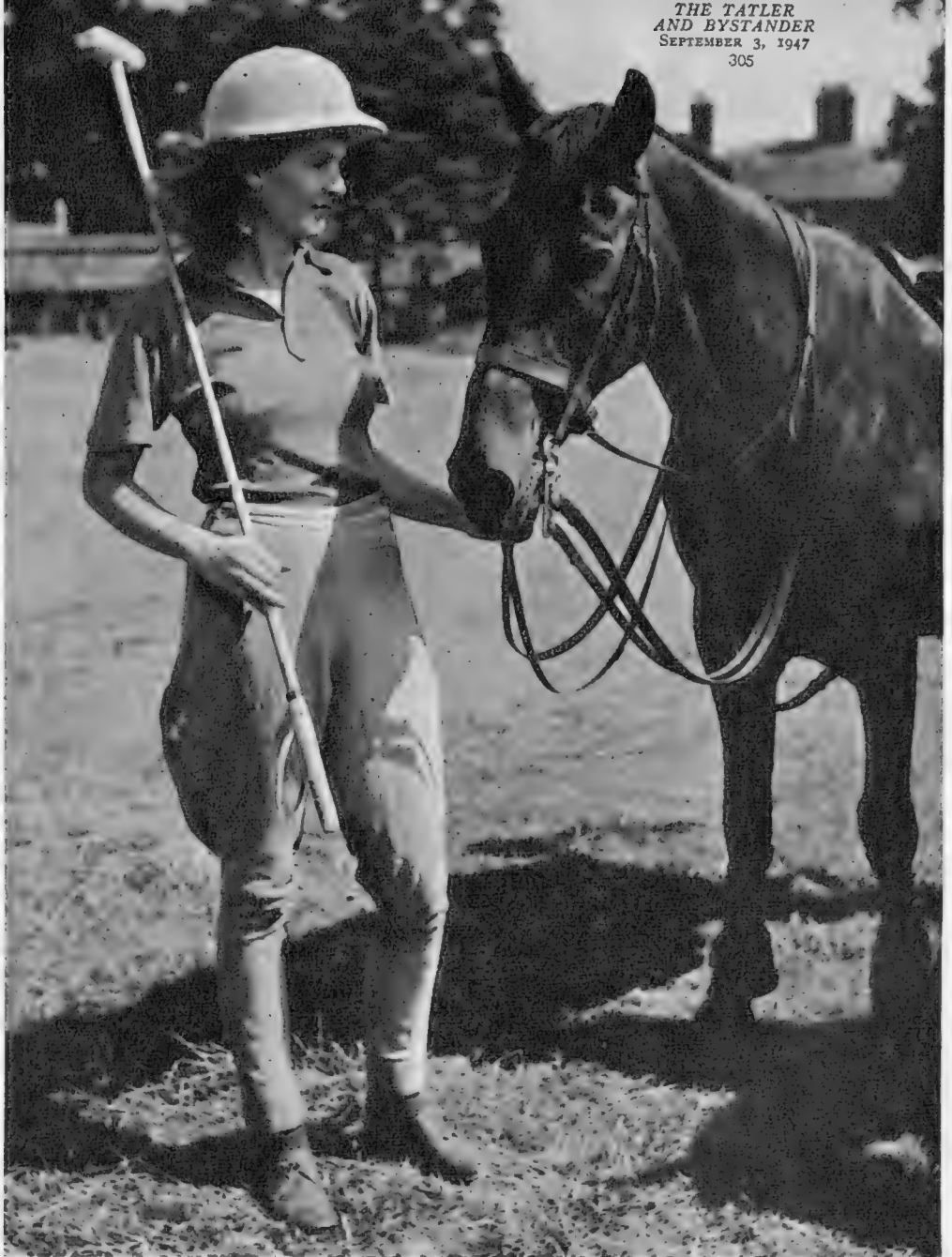
Major C. Rugge-Price and Major Charles Davenport talking between chukkers

CLUB CATCHES MRS YOUNG

ts., was formed in 1936, when a score of naval
on leave were among its members. Play was
xes are being recruited. Gymkhana chukkers,
are arranged for beginners—many ride their
ed by Lt.-Col. J. N. Cash and some of the more
of a Hurlingham and Roehampton standard.
e County Polo Week at Roehampton in July



Lt. de Pass, R.N., playing while on leave, looks very pleased after scoring two goals



Mrs. Henry Kennard, who is the mother of five boys, is one of the keenest players in the club



Ball from Major C. Rugge-Price fought game



Mr. Henry Kennard (extreme right) takes the ball from Major Davenport

Tasker, Press Illustrations

"THE TATLER" FINDS A NEW ARTIST

Every naturalist lives in the hope of finding an unheard-of species. Emmwood, a keen and conscientious field worker, has had exceptional luck, and *The Tatler* presents the first of a number of remarkable discoveries he has made, and recorded with amazing fidelity

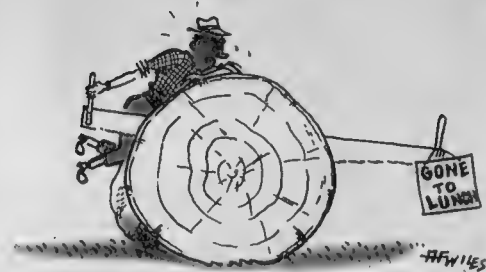


The Tufted Bogey-Bird—or Earthgrubber

(*Handicapa Dodgerorum*)

Adult Male: General colour brick-red, inclined to turn to carmine when roused; beak hop-coloured and bulky; body usually buff-coloured, inclined to be stripy or checkered on scapulae and abdomen; shanks spindly and heavily tufted around the knee-joints; feet often pie-bald, usually spiky. Bird of prey. Habits: The earthgrubber mainly feeds on small birdies or, when extremely ravenous, has been known to attempt eagles. The species is usually found on wide open spaces earthgrubbing. It is a pity, however, that this interesting bird spends

most of its daylight hours in deep grass, woods or sandy pits, for it is admitted, by those privileged to see it, to be graceful in its movements and ways, particularly at the time of feeding on an eagle, when it struts about in the shorter grass uttering a soft cooing note—at other times it utters a harsh—"Foooar-Foooar." Habitats: Rough grass, sandy places, woods and holes, only settling for any length of time in every nineteenth hole. Adult Female: Similar to the male; more deadly, when roused in a spinney.



BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A SERGEANT stationed in Germany was given a pass to visit Paris. He was very excited about visiting the famous city, but he was most anxious to see the Monna Lisa in the Louvre.

When he returned to Germany one of his friends asked him if he had seen the famous painting.

"Yes," he said, with little enthusiasm.

"You don't sound very excited about it," replied his friend, "I thought it was one of the things you went for."

"Well," said the Sergeant, listlessly, "I've heard hundreds of stories about her enigmatic smile, so you can imagine how disappointed I was to find that she reminds me of my Aunt Eliza asking me to please pass the salt."

A VERY small girl was taken by her mother to a church to show her where God lived, and the next morning the child was missing. When she eventually turned up, her mother asked, "Where have you been?"

"Well," said the child, "I went to God's house, but he was not in, though his wife was cleaning the steps."

THE wife of the commanding officer of U.S. Naval forces in the Tokyo area found their huge, ornate, western-style house growing very cold about midday last Christmas Day. She called her Number One Boy and asked him the reason.

He replied: "Madam, to-day is your happy day. To-morrow I will tell you that yesterday we ran out of coal."

THE scene in the film was a tense one. The audience sat enthralled. Suddenly the hero slapped the heroine in the face, hard.

In the stunned silence that followed, a little voice piped up: "Mummy, why doesn't she hit him back like you do?"

A MERCHANT heard that the natives of an island in the South Seas had more gold than they knew what to do with, so he decided to help them out. He sailed to their island with a shipload of onions. The natives had never tasted onions before, and were delighted with them. They exchanged a shipload of gold for the onions.

The merchant's business rival was enraged when he heard of this, but decided that if the natives liked onions they would surely like garlic better. He therefore took them a shipload of garlic, and true enough, they were enraptured.

When he asked for gold in return, they told him they wouldn't think of giving him anything so common, and insisted upon turning over to him their most prized possession—the shipload of onions!



"How long are you going to keep my old grandfather?"

Short Story

Thirty-One Seconds

Gerald Kersh

It was not often that Mr. Riley needed a drink, and when he did he preferred to drink alone—one sherry, two sherries; a little of something; not much; hastily bought, quickly paid for and hurriedly swallowed. In this manner he avoided drinking-companions. On the rare occasions when his acquaintances saw him in a public-house, he was always hurrying out.

This morning he needed a gin and French. He put on his little round hat, left his office, and slunk rather furtively to the saloon-bar of the Bantam. He looked right and left, saw nobody he knew, and sidled rapidly to the door. It was locked. Riley looked at his reflection in the shiny wooden surface, as if to assure himself that his puffy, pale young face, with its shapeless slit of a mouth and its nervous, light eyes, was still composed. Twenty-nine and a half minutes past eleven: half a minute to kill before opening-time. He edged along the pavement to the window of a newsagent's shop and waited, fuming.

MR. RILEY was out of sorts. He had a slight nervous headache. His wife wanted to go on the films and had become a bore. The beautiful French woman who had displayed such passionate interest in him was interested in somebody else. He was afraid of his superior at the office. He was afraid of death. He was afraid of violence. He was afraid of losing his money. He was afraid that he looked as feeble as he felt. His friends, with whom he had begun to spend the previous evening, had unaccountably left him. He was afraid that he had bored them. His nerves were on edge. He was terrified of the possibility of a sudden slap on the back—of a familiar voice which might say, "Just in time! Have a drink!" Then he would be involved in a round, and shillings would go in dust.

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" he whispered. If anybody spoke to him he would say, "amazing how little the displays in these shop-windows vary"—and go back to the office. All the same, he wanted a gin and French very badly indeed. His fingers nervously fumbled with the packet of chewing-gum which was to take away the smell of the alcohol. *For God's sake, hurry!* The mean, timorous soul of Mr. Riley quivered and palpitated like a new-born mouse. *Time never passes. Life never moves. Everything comes to nothing. Nothing ever happens. I am caught in a net of boredom. Time has stopped.*

Mr. Riley had the habit of counting things. He knew that his watch had to tick 147 times before the pub opened at eleven-thirty. But—this was an awful thought—would it be proper to go in at exactly eleven-thirty? Might they not say among themselves: "Look at that Mr. Riley—waiting on the doorstep for us to open?" For were not the eyes of the world upon him? Had he not noticed how people glanced at him as he passed them in the street? How the bus conductors gave him strange, searching looks?

"God, God, God!" whispered Mr. Riley; and, pretending to smooth his hair, listened to the ticking of his watch.

At that moment, behind a cotton-bale on a wharf in deep Asia, a rat turned its head and tried to bite out something that caused it some discomfort between the shoulders; a flea. The rat killed the flea. But the flea had already bitten the rat, injecting into its bloodstream some hundreds of thousands of germs. The

germs were the germs of bubonic cholera. The rat went to drink. This was the beginning of a plague which was destined to sweep the East, killing 7,000,000 people.

This, also, was the instant of conception of countless men and women all over the earth.

In Paris there suddenly came into being the microscopic live thing that contained all the brain, the soul, the shapes, colours and habits of a man who, fifty years later, was to change the face of the world. A master-sculptor was begotten in Prague; also an heir essential to a

cloud over a ragged hill. From a concealed sun, three long triangles of white light sprouted. Glittering like a diamond in this light flew a bird. The boy remembered this, and, twenty years later, was to write a symphony which would draw tears from a thousand billion people over a space of six centuries.

A thin squalling from a hospital bedside told a waiting father that his child had been born. This child was to be Pope:

A doctor raised his head from the cup of his hands, and said, "Well?" A man said, "Save the mother." In a split second the decision was made. The child, if it had been permitted to live, would have been something like a god.

A woman, after an infinitesimally brief pause, said: "I will marry you," and so condemned herself to forty-three years and seven months of unspeakable misery.

The last milligramme of weight extended beyond the last millimetre of space: a house fell down.

An architect said "Done," and contemplated the design for a vast and noble edifice.

SEVERAL thousand light-years away, something went slightly wrong. A mass of rock vaster than 50,000 big planets collided with another mass, twice as large. The whole hideous lump shot away from the orbits, which, for immemorial ages, had controlled the two parts of it, and went roaring down infinite space. In exactly 98725369991019872286352699821 years, 11 months, 1 week, 3 days, 2 hours, 1 minute and $\frac{1}{2}$ second, it would wipe the sun, the planets and our earth completely out of existence.

A scientist discovered a new kind of soap to keep women young. Another, who for six months had been gazing down the barrel of a microscope, saw something move. It was a new and dreadful microbe, which—unless, in another moment, another man received another inspiration—might denude the whole earth of vegetation.

In Tacoma, a fat man swallowed the last crumb of a meat-pie and was declared Champion Pie Eater of the United States of America.

In Eastern Europe, a peasant looking at his wheat grew pale and crossed himself. He had seen blight.

The earth, spinning at 1000 miles an hour, travelled 10 miles.

"Oh God, thank God," said Mr. Riley; and then bit his lip as he thought of the beautiful French woman. He approached the Bantam; paused. It would not do to be the very first customer. It would look bad.

He walked slowly round the block to kill five minutes.



huge and terrible Imperial policy. The personality of an evil World Dictator was, in that flash of time, fixed and predestined. Ten thousand murderers settled down in the procreative darkness within their mothers, to grow and mature to their dark conclusions.

Before the watch had ticked three times a generation was fixed, and a piece of the globe re-populated.

A swarm of men, women and children breathed their last. A beggar, rolling over on a bench, expired under the placard of a newspaper, which said SITUATION GRAVE: PREMIER. An aged man in New York slipped through the fingers of fifteen doctors, leaving \$3,000,000,000 and 11 cents.

A match factory in the North, hurling out trillions of matches, in the instant of the fourth tick produced a certain red-tipped match. With this match, three months later, a patriot in the Balkans was destined to set fire to a certain Treaty, thereby inflaming a nation to desperate rebellion, and so dragging half a world into a war in which 7,500,000 people were to perish more or less miserably.

At the same time a door opened, a husband came into a room, cried "Hell!" and pressed a trigger, thus providing meat for the presses of a whole continent.

A boy of six, looking out of the window of a train, caught one fleeting glimpse of a jagged

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

For the next few weeks "Standing By . . ." will not appear, as Mr. Wyndham Lewis is on holiday. It will be resumed as soon as he returns

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire



Youthful Anne Townsend on Polly in the children's pony class. All the classes were well filled, and there was a large and enthusiastic attendance



Lady Brougham and Vaux, Lord Brougham and Vaux, Mrs. Clay Hill, Miss Fleur Kirwan-Taylor and Mr. Peter Kirwan-Taylor



Swaebe

Watching an event: Baron de Tuyl, Miss Susan Hornby, Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor, the Duchess of Beaufort, the Duke of Beaufort and Miss R. J. Grosvenor

The Beaufort Hunt Show at Badminton House

THE acting Governor of one of the Provinces of this New India, Mme. Sarojini Naidu, is not merely one deeply-versed in the politics of that land, but a poetess of quality, who gained her erudition first in Hyderabad and then at Girtton, and it seems unfortunate that work of such fine texture as hers has not been given a far wider publication than is the case. A fair and romantic lady once gave me a poem entitled *In the Bazârs of Hyderabad*, signed "Anon," which she said was by Sarojini, but, similar as it is in its style to much of her work, I happen to know that it was not. Some of the lines were, "What do ye weave, O ye flower-girls. . . . Sheets of white blossom new-gathered to perfume the sleep of the dead," and the rest was of equally good descriptive value.

Like Laurence Hope's, much of Sarojini Naidu's verse is in the erotic vein, and one of her poems, *A Rajput Love Song*, once got a very good-looking pillar of the Law into a frightful pickle. He copied it out, intending to show it up as his own to a very fascinating Hill Sprite, whose pastime was to mow them down in rows and then laugh at their agonies. This rather *empressée* poem said something about its author wanting to be a scented fan that lay upon her pillow, a sandal lute, or a silver lamp that burned before her shrine—and much more to the same effect, including a bit about "the swift consoling darkness."

The Gay Troubadour's extremely sand-papery consort found it, and at once realised that none of it could possibly refer to her. There was the most unholy shindy, and, worst of all, when the wicked man eventually sent it to Claire, the Unfair, she tore it up and chucked the bits at him.

The composers have aided the poets who write about the "romantic" East very considerably. Amy Woodforde-Finden made Laurence Hope's *Indian Love Lyrics*, and how entrancing is Liza Lehmann's *Persian Garden Suite* music to some of the Quatrains of Fitzgerald's wonderful construction of Omar Khayyâm's *Rubâiyyât*, especially (so I think) the *Ah, Moon of My Delight and Myself When Young* numbers. Sarojini Naidu has not, so far, been given the full musical embellishment she deserves.

The Long-Distance Horse

TO all those who realise what is the thing of which our bloodstock industry is most in need, the latter part of the racing season is always the more interesting. The sprinter, with his nerves strung up like fiddle-strings by his frequent obligations to jump out of the gate like a shell out of a gun, we have in his thousands, and it is very doubtful whether he does any real good to the future generation when he goes to the stud, but of the horse with solid foundation-stones who can stay two miles and more, and who can be expected to transfer his stamina and courage to his descendants, we have all too few, and breeders know without being told in long-winded articles that this is so; these are the only things that can stop some of our best prizes going overseas.

One of these long-distance contests, the Ebor, will probably be all over by the time these notes appear, and although the distance is half-a-mile short of those of the Cesarewitch and the Jockey Club Cup (each 2½ miles), the weights of some of them may be interesting, so far as the former of these two races is concerned. The Official Handicapper says that at 1½ miles there is not much between Field Day, Auralia and Trimbush, and he may well be right. Auralia is not engaged in the Cesarewitch, but the other two are.

My purely personal opinion is that 2½ miles may prove a bit too far for Field Day, but not so for Trimbush, which horse, I think, has put up the best recent Cesarewitch gallop. On August 12th, at Birmingham, he won the 2 mile Bull Ring Plate with 9 st. 7 lb. on his back

absolutely as he liked. No gallop under 2 miles ought to be rated as any kind of signpost for the Long Dart, but 2 miles with almost a jumping weight on his back is worth noting.

Australia's Fascinating Bear

A PICTURE of Mrs. Koala Bear and her attractive twins has been kindly sent to me by Mr. J. G. Paton, of Blackburn, Melbourne, who, in his turn, I understand, got it from Mr. F. Lewis, Chief Inspector of Fisheries and Game for Victoria. This is the only known case of Koala Bear twins, for although a kindly mother-bear will frequently adopt a little orphan and bring it up as her own, there has been no record hitherto of a twin birth. The picture was taken very soon after the cubs' arrival, and there is no doubt as to its authenticity.

The woolliest, most kindly and unbearable of bears in the world, and probably a first cousin to that very familiar wild beast, the Teddy Bear, Australia possesses in these bruins with ears like powder-puffs the most fascinating of the species. From the same source as the picture came a copy of *Wild Life*, the Melbourne naturalist's very own paper, with a marked article by Mr. Roy Wheeler, an enthusiastic bird-watcher, who in one day's scouting over the marshes near the You Yangs hills scored a century of different species, from sharp-tailed sandpipers, magpie larks, blacktailed hens, brown thornbills, red-tipped pardalote, black swans, duck and teal in myriads, to his hundredth, a boobook owl, whose favourite song is "More pork! More pork!"

The Thoroughbred Sire

A BOOK just published by Messrs. Hutchinson's, Ltd., *The Handling and General Management of the Thoroughbred Stallion*, by C. G. Fitch, will be read with much interest by everyone connected with the bloodstock breeding industry, and with profit by many who are not, because it is written by a man who knows his subject backwards, and has the capacity to transfer his knowledge to paper. Whilst Mr. Fitch modestly makes no claim to any literary quality, I find his direct, racy style very attractive, and his seasoning of humorous anecdotes greatly enriches the hard and practical fact which he conveys to us. Here is a writer who knows what he calls his "stuff," for he has been through the mill in a calling very often attended by considerable personal risk. Some of his experiences with the kind of savage who will hold you up with ears flat back and teeth bared, and block your line of retreat from his box, are thrilling indeed.

Mr. Fitch has also had the valuable experience which travelling the road with a Premium Stallion imparts, and the story of his adventures is engrossing. He is one who knows the horse, whether on his back or handling or doing him afoot. I could not agree more than I do with one particular passage, and it is this one:

On taking over the guardianship of the stallion there is one great thing to remember, all horses are psychologists, but the greatest psychologist of them all is the thoroughbred stallion. He knows it all. He knows your mood. He knows your thoughts often governed by your moods. He knows by the tone of your voice what your feelings are towards him.

This is true of every horse, an animal sometimes unjustly credited with little understanding or intelligence. A horse knows even before his intending rider has put a hand on him what kind of a customer he is, and whether he is afraid of him or not. The most rampageous frequently will change almost in a flash when they feel the real craftsman's touch on the other end of the strings. With some, a horse never plays up or runs away: with others he is a menace, and will do everything wrong of which it is possible to think. The numerous illustrations of famous horses with which the book is supplied are not the least of its attractions.



Tasting all the Summer's Pride

A scene repeated all over the country on week-ends during the hot weather. The tree-shaded spectators are in this instance watching a match between Roehampton and Barclay's Bank on the Putney Heath cricket ground

Scoreboard



his head from the ceiling—

A bigger, ay, a bulkier man
The world has seldom seen :
He was the first who ever burst
A Try-Your-Weight machine

"Aha," he said again; or it may have been only an echo; "delighted to see you again, Forbes-Robertson. It must have been in '36 or '37, in that wonderful match at Gerrard's Cross." I knew it wasn't; not at Gerrard's Cross, anyhow. Or, maybe, I was living in a previous life; or enjoying a free Trailer of some future existence; I am not one to reject the eccentricities of the psyche or to play the sceptic over the vagaries of the time-space continuum.

If I am not to be me, I thought, who cares? Up with Time and the Conways. Evidently I, as I now appear, have been here before. "Surely," I said, "it wasn't Gerrard's Cross, but Sutton Courtney. Anyhow, there was a river; because, don't you remember? old Jenkins

fell in while trying to get a swan to drink from a bottle of Bass."

A shadow passed over the serene, if glistening, brow of my companion. "Not Sutton Courtney," he murmured, "never played there; played all round it, of course; up and down the river; Maidenhead, Cookham, Staines; and once as far as Eynsham; a remarkable church there; and how the river winds about; round every corner you come on blokes fishing for eels."

I studied his phrenological development, and wondered. Which category of Lombroso covered that exaggerated left occipital and those huge undulating ears? "In that case," I replied, "it must have been Gerrard's Cross. Did we win?" "No," said the fat man. "We wanted 2 when the Colonel came in last and was bowled by a slow full-pitcher. He said he was still taking guard, and the bowler, a nasty little man with a ginger moustache, said: 'Oh, well, that's the best time to do the trick; catch 'em when they're not looking.' An absolute bounder, of course."

HE fingered his Club tie; a little proudly, as if excluding from its significance all absolute ginger bounders who bowl when Colonels aren't ready. "Where did you get to afterwards?" he went on. "I missed you at the sing-song." This could not last. *Il faut sauter*. "Couldn't make it," I told him; "touch of laryngitis from all that appealing for l.b.w. Not fit for a sing-song." He looked at me rather hard as I began to walk away. "Well, good-bye, Forbes-Robertson," he said; "look after yourself, now." "So long, Johnson," I shouted, nearing the door. "Not Johnson," he yelled; "Thompson. O. P. Thompson." "Cheerio, O. P. Thompson," I screamed; "till we meet before."

IT seems but a twinkling of years since the American lawn-tennis player G. M. Lott was asked by the Wimbledon authorities to take off his striped flannel trousers, in the appropriate space provided. They were an agreeable, even a saucy, culottage; in the discerning eye, preferable to the hairy kneecaps of modernity. And now, we have the Wightman Cup tournament adorned, eased, made for ever amber, and so on, by a parade of mannequins draped in prophetic fashions.

Cricket, I do not yet hear, has caught on to the idea of the Interlude Exhibitiv. How about a Test Match Procession, between innings?

First, the umpires in tights; next, the scorers on stilts; then the players, in top-hats and spotted shirts; at the rear, a representative block of barrackers from the Hill at Sydney.

WHAT, also, about the greyhounds? As to these dogs—as Pluto, King of Hades, used to remark every time he was bitten by Cerberus in three places at once—they wouldn't hurt for a dose of glamorisation. First, the competitors; then a posse of white-coated painters, who are always camouflaging Old Nell II. as Jupiter Pluvius; then the chemists who provide the cocaine to excite somnolent entrants; and, gossiping at the back, the sempstresses who sew up the pockets of wary racegoers.

It's just a beautiful idea, as Jacob Epstein said when he first saw the Albert Memorial.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"THE JUDGE'S STORY," by Charles Morgan (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), is a tale of the conflict of good and evil, deep in its implications but containing not one overtly "strong" scene. Over-subtlety is, in these days, a charge against writing showing any marked degree of control; but it is not a charge the most inert reader, with a preference for the noisy, could bring here. I share every mistrust for subtlety for its own sake, about nothing particular—but, as a base to *The Judge's Story*, we have something not only particular but important: in fact, a primary theme.

More, Mr. Morgan's treatment, under analysis, shows not so much subtlety as a realistic quietness. His characters, people of to-day, speak and act as to-day we do speak and act. They are complex; and to an extent their complexity acts as a brake or silencer on their feeling. Or at least, on their *conscious* feeling—for, deeper down, they are aware, increasingly, of predicament.

"People of to-day" is not, as to date, strictly accurate: the time of the story is 1934; the manifestations of Hitler's emerging power still seem incredible; the ordeal of world-war still lies ahead. But, in a curious way, that very ordeal is symbolised, or as it were forecast, in the situation between the four main characters—who in their demeanour show the constants of civilised human nature. Mr. Morgan treats of something which preceded the war and has survived it. What is this to be called? Perhaps, the faculty to make a moral decision. Were this lost, we should be lost indeed: *not* lost, it is if anything stronger in us to-day from being now daily put to the test.

Who are these four main characters? Gaskony, a retired Judge of the High Court; Gaskony's adopted daughter, Vivien; Vivien's husband, Henry Lerrick; and Severidge, the very rich man—who, originally nothing more than an acquaintance of the Judge's, is to come to play, in relation to the three others, the rôle of Satan in modern dress.

Modern dress, it is to be remembered, is psychologically as well as sartorially unemphatic. There are in Severidge neutral tracts which could pass as goodness—kindness, at any rate. If he be, like Satan, a preyer, it could be argued that the fault is in others—in their offering him weakness or self-delusion on which to prey. In Severidge, it is that very neutrality which is a menace: he is most to be dreaded for the vacuum in him, that vacuum which he is out to fill. Mr. Morgan says:—

Severidge, rich in intellect, vigorous and skilful in action, was spiritually without core. To the question: "What do I do? What do I produce?" there was an honourable, well-wishing, effective answer, at any rate, an answer in conscience—for this was the scope of his conscience; but to the question: "What am I?" there was none. Many human beings have no knowledge of themselves except as effects. They carry within them no realisation of these effects, no sense of a realised or realisable individuality, no origin of the notes they give out. They are neither musicians nor children singing; they are gramophones, mass-produced—effect-makers, good or bad. Of these, some are content, as Severidge was not. . . . But some are

"The Judge's Story"

"Twilight Stories"

"The Captain Comes Home"

"Now Barabbas . . ."

unhappy as a gramophone might be which was aware of the music's cause, and that it was itself empty of this cause. Severidge resembled such a gramophone. In business, his effect-making had a perfection which, like all perfection in its own kind, was beautiful, and, while he exercised this faculty, he had a sense of flawlessness, of innocence. He felt then: I am a good man, as a gramophone might feel: I am a good gramophone. But, observing others at school and in later life, he had found that certain men were to him what musicians are to gramophones—often extremely incompetent, but still musicians, aware of music within them; often untrue to their truth but recognising it as theirs, their very own, the nature of their being, their stem, root and seed, their link with Earth, their unity with Nature, their not-being-lonely, their not-being-sterile-or-dead.

Severidge could not endure, in others, this inward dedication. He did not hate those who were conscious of it, but hated that in them which excluded him. He did not wish to harm or destroy, but to penetrate.

* * *



It is the Judge himself who, in *The Judge's Story*, is musician to Severidge's gramophone. We are to look on at a series of tortuous attempts to encircle Gaskony—to extract, as it were, his essential virtue, that interior "music" of his being, as one might from an insect seek to extract the sting. In Gaskony, we have an unsentimentalised portrait of God's good man—mellow, just, tolerant, fearless; desiring constantly, if not able always, to be true to his truths.

The Judge's paternal love for Vivien (child of the woman who had been the romance and ideal of his life) cannot be called a weakness: as loves go it is unpossessive, detached. Yet, in this feeling for his adopted daughter the Judge *does* offer hostages to fortune: it is through Vivien and her weak, charming husband, that Severidge, most obviously, can strike. Or, no, not strike, for he never does: infiltrate would be more truly the word.

Severidge has other methods—for instance, delaying tactics: the Judge's love of leisure, subtly fed by Severidge, looks like keeping him, month after month, year after year, from getting down to the writing of a projected book which is to be his testimony to life. But, also, the young Lerricks, whose marriage has seemed as secure as it is idyllic, are, it transpires, on the edge of a precipice—Henry, as a solicitor, has miscalculated in a way of which the law does not take a kindly view: sixteen thousand pounds are needed to keep him out of the dock; nearly ten more, in any case, to avert bankruptcy. This the Judge knows—how much does Severidge, who has already been cultivating the young couple, know, too?

The plot of *The Judge's Story* is worked out with a clear, swift, unaccentuated sureness. It is such a plot as it would be shame to divulge: it is full of the unexpected, and of suspense.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

EUGENIA ZARESKA, a Polish contralto of distinction, is a newcomer to records in this country. In 1938 she won the International Music Competition in Vienna, and has since appeared at La Scala, Milan, and the Royal Opera House in Rome. She came to this country originally to sing with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and for her first British recording chooses *Songs of a Wayfarer* (Leider Eines Fahrenden Gesellen), by Gustav Mahler. This work was written in 1883, and is not over well known in England.

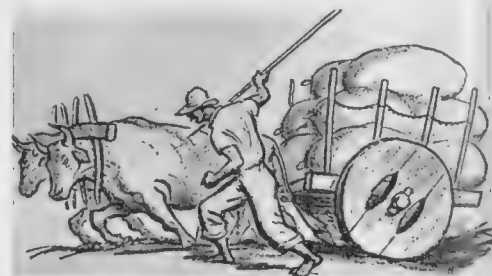
Mme. Zareska is fortunate in having the backing of that excellent orchestra the London Philharmonic on these recordings. The interpretation of both soloist and orchestra is beautiful and perfectly balanced. But I cannot help feeling that a great deal of credit is due to the intelligence and delicate feeling with which Eduard Van Beinum conducts. He is, as you know, the conductor of the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. I am sure that everyone who hears these records will look forward to more from this combination (Decca K. 1624-1625). Robert Tredinnick.

The style would seem to be built for speed—speed (as opposed to shambling hurry) being one of the first accomplishments in writing. Speed here means, still, no single inflexion lost. And one should note the timing and well-judged shortness or length of the different scenes—for technique so admirable as Charles Morgan's deserves, I think, what is *active* in admiration. The conversations at Rodd's (what a fine interior!), the affair of the bet, and the climax in the back room of the seaside lodging-house are, possibly, the high points of a chronicle which hangs fire at no point at all.

"TWILIGHT STORIES," by Rhoda Broughton (Home and Van Thal; 6s.), are a charming Victorian revival—character nicely set by the picture on the wrapper: inside a gothic frame a veiled lady glides between dusky tombstones. Miss Broughton's fame has, since the 1870's, very wrongly declined: these tales are tantalising reminders of her work. The macabre was not usually her sphere; in these experiments in it she was encouraged by Sheridan Le Fanu, who, creator of *Uncle Silas*, happened to be Miss Broughton's uncle as well.

The effect, in the main, is delicately unnerving rather than bloodcurdling: the authoress creates atmosphere by mingling Victorian cosiness with the occult—also, from bloodshed she does not, where necessary, shrink. Indeed, what is chiefly frightening is the inappropriate setting of the ordeals, and the well-bred, well-fed blamelessness of those exposed to them. I am not sure that, for this reason, the first story, "The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing but the Truth," is not the most intimidating of all—it is to Kipling's "End of the Passage" formula: *i.e.*, that of a horror nameless and unexplained.

In one room of a dear little, sunny little Mayfair house, full of looped muslin curtains



A Brazilian Childhood and youth are charmingly written of in *Where the Sabiá Sings*, by Henriqueta Chamberlain (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), from which these two sketches by the author's husband are taken

and china pugs, rented by a young couple for the season, first a housemaid goes mad, then a guest dies of terror. In "The Man with the Nose" we have a disastrous honeymoon: the bride, still from time to time overshadowed by a psychic experience of her childhood, vanishes forever, under circumstances never to be known, from one of the nicest Lucerne hotels: this tale includes an eerie description of a storm on the Rhine. "Behold it was a Dream" features a young lady who, torn from the festivities of Dublin to visit a friend who has married in middle-age, is overcome, on her first night in a comely English manor house, by the hallucination that her host and hostess are lying weltering in their own gore. Her decision to leave next morning gives some offence, and the explanation forced from her does not improve matters: whether the dream comes true I refuse to say. The charm of "Poor Pretty Bobby" lies chiefly in the story's idea and title; while "Under the Cloak" goes to show that ladies travelling with jewellery cannot be too careful.

No, I must admit to having read *Twilight Stories* with more pleasure than fear. I can only suppose that the rarity of comfort these days upsets one's sense of values: Miss Broughton's characters—whose existences run so smoothly along the grooves, whose letters to one another, however dreadful the content, are so leisured, mannered, airy and pleasing—seem to me enviable, whatever happened. A fright or two, possibly, did them no harm.

* * *

IN *The Captain Comes Home* (Collins; 8s. 6d.), Helen Ashton's version of the Enoch Arden story, the element missing is that of conflict. Her scales would seem to be persistently over-weighted in favour of Johnny Crowe—the Captain who comes home to find that his young wife Phyllis, believing him to be dead, has married again. Without conflict there can be no great suspense; and, onward from the moment when Johnny knocks down and injures his stodgy supplanter, up to the end of the story, we cannot but be certain that virtue, or, in this case, sensitiveness and charm, will triumph—a conclusion reached with so readable a grace that to carp at it seems ungenerous and ungrateful.

Possibly, for the purposes of her story, Miss Ashton has under-built the wife: were Phyllis not presented as so brittle, self-seeking and to some that any man would, given enough time, find himself happier without her, a more valuable solution to a tragic, and to-day tragically far from uncommon problem could have been found. The handling of the story is adept: no novel by Miss Ashton could lack distinction.

* * *

WILLIAM DOUGLAS-HOME's much-talked-of play, *Now Barabbas*... has been published in book form (by Longmans; at 6s.). This down-to-the-bone, not unduly dramatised study of prison life should, I imagine, not fail to affect the reader as strongly as it used to affect audiences—and, for those who were unable to see *Now Barabbas*... performed, here is the opportunity to repair a loss. Some plays make good theatre but disappointing reading: happily, that is not true of *Now Barabbas*...—the prisoners as characters stand out sharply; their different reactions to prison are to be watched.

With skill the author has avoided what one would have expected to be an inevitable, overpowering effect of monotony: this, I think, he has done by two means—alternation of mood and a dealing with his characters at different levels; sometimes the surface comic, sometimes the deeply sad. He certainly knows his men, as he makes us feel that they know one another, inside out: Ten Mess, that oddly assorted group, has arrived at some sort of unity and has its own conventions, reticences, hostilities and friendships. The scenes in the condemned cell are made more poignant by their restraint; and warders, chaplain and Governor, with, severally, their particular problems, are no less fairly, squarely and sharply drawn. . . . This play, inspired by inside knowledge, is a document: as such it asks for thoughtful consideration as well as emotional response.



Mr. Winston Churchill, whose recovery from his illness has been marked by vigorous speeches. Sean Fielding in *Portraits in Print* (Pp. 290-291) remarks that he looks not very different from his 1939 photograph, adding "and yet, and yet. . ."

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Head — Stanning

Mr. Adrian Head, son of the late Judge Head, and of Mrs. Head, of Overy Staithe, Norfolk, married Miss Ann Stanning, daughter of the late Mr. John Stanning, and of Mrs. A. C. Lewin, of Kenya Colony, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Watson-Armstrong — Du Four

The Hon. William Watson-Armstrong, only son of Lord and Lady Armstrong, of Cragside, Rothbury, Northumberland, married Baroness Maria-Teresa du Four Chiodelli Manzoni, only child of Mme. Ruegger, and stepdaughter of the Swiss Minister in London



Stewart — Sturrock

The wedding took place in Belgrade of Mr. Dugald Stewart, Third Secretary at the British Embassy, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Stewart, of Craig Appin, Comrie, Perthshire, and Miss Sibyl Anne Sturrock, O.B.E., younger daughter of the late Mr. H. N. Sturrock, O.B.E., and Mrs. Sturrock



Davies — Oakes

Capt. P. J. Davies, 12th Royal Lancers, son of the late Dr. J. E. H. Davies, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Davies, of 28, Liverpool Road, Chester, married Mrs. Myra Oakes, widow of F/Lt. C. Oakes, R.A.F.V.R., and daughter of Mrs. C. B. Wilson, of Hoole Village, Chester, at Chester Cathedral



Nicol — Isaac

Capt. E. R. M. Nicol, R.A.M.C., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Nicol, of Glasgow, married Miss Marjorie ("Susan") Isaac, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Isaac, of Grenston, Oswestry, Shropshire, at Oswestry Church



Klitz — Morrison

Major Reginald William Klitz, son of the late Major Reginald William Klitz, and of Mrs. E. H. Klitz, of East Cliff Cottage, Grove Road, Bournemouth, married Miss Venetia Ann ("Puck") Morrison, only daughter of the late Mr. A. T. Morrison, and of Mrs. H. Hankinson, of Sandbanks, Dorset

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Fashion Page

by Winifred Lewis

John Cole

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Navana

Miss L. A. Drake and Captain R. M. Dyer, who are engaged to be married. Miss Drake is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. F. Drake, of Walkern Cross, Stevenage, Herts, and Captain Dyer is the only son of Major and Mrs. I. R. Dyer, of Hartmoor, Slapton, Devonshire



Rassano

Miss Elizabeth Avice Wilks is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. J. M. Wilks, of Capetown. She is to be married this month to Major Frederick Robert Wragg, youngest son of Sir Herbert and Lady Wragg, of Bretby House, Burton-on-Trent

Miss Brita Cederström is the only daughter of the late Baron Cederström, and of Baroness Cederström, of Newmarket, Suffolk. Her engagement was recently announced to Capt. Anthony G. H. Bampfylde, elder son of Major the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Bampfylde, of Tetbury, Gloucestershire



Pearl Freeman

Miss Anne McKay Fullerton, who is engaged to Surgeon-Lieut. Michael Shirley Adams, R.N.V.R., is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Fullerton, of Davene House, Bramley, Surrey. Her fiancé is the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. F. Shirley Adams, of 81 Harley Street, W.1

Miss Patricia Valerie Parker, younger daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Paget Parker and of Mrs. Parker, of Redgate, Malvern, Worcestershire, who is engaged to Major John Murray Petit, M.B.E., the Royal Norfolk Regiment, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Christopher Petit, of Spey House, Kingston Hill, Surrey

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Oliver Stewarts on FLYING

EVERYBODY in British aviation will wish to congratulate the Americans on their new world speed record figure of 1,031 kilometres (640.7 miles) an hour. It is fairly certain that the record will be confirmed by the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, for the American timing methods are fully as accurate as our own.

In effect, therefore, the Americans will be demonstrating that they have two jet fighters, the Lockheed Shooting Star and the Douglas Skystreak, which are capable of over 1,000 kilometres an hour in level flight.

All is set, therefore, for a highly interesting next step when Britain attacks the record. Looking quickly at the new American figures and back at my notes at the time of Donaldson's record of 1946, I would say that it would be a waste of time to go for the record with the Derwent Meteor no matter what site was chosen.

The possibilities seem to lie with the de Havilland 108, the Vickers-Armstrong's Attacker or perhaps the new Gloster if it could be got ready in time. Whatever machine is used, it will have to run up close to the sonic barrier. In fact the hope must be that we shall be able to produce something that will pierce the barrier. That world record is of supreme importance to us now that aircraft exports play such a large part in our struggle for economic recovery.

Battle of Britain Week

THESE early weeks of September are packed with aviation events, the first and most important being the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Display, to which I have already referred. Then there is the commemoration of the Battle of Britain. The Royal Air Force Association is organizing various events for this.

It is still most difficult to see the Battle of Britain in accurate perspective; but my impression is that it appears to gain in significance as the years pass. At

the time it was fought, experienced military observers expressed doubt if it could really be held to be a turning point in the war.

They expressed doubt, too, as to whether Hitler was in fact placing so much reliance as had been said on the effects secured by the bombing of Britain. Since then the documents that were collected after Germany's defeat have mostly contributed to the view that Hitler expected more than we supposed, rather than less, out of the bombing of Britain.

The Drift Undercarriage

THE Civil Aeronautics Authority in America has now granted an approved type certificate to the castoring landing gear developed by the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation. Goodyear is developing one of these cross-wind landing gears for a D.C.-3. All of which makes one more angry at the official misjudgment of cross-wind landing gear which was shown in Great Britain. Indisputably in the modern form the cross-wind landing gear is the invention of Mr. O. Maclaren. He was the first to appreciate the problems correctly, the first to build a practical gear, the first to test the gear.

The Maclaren cross-wind landing gear or drift undercarriage was afterwards fitted to about half a dozen different aircraft, some single-engined, some twin-engined, some with tricycle undercarriages, some with the classic bicycle and tail-wheel undercarriage. Tests in extremely high winds were made and



F/Lt. Stephan Wanic, owner of an air charter and export business, with his bride Miss Sylvia Dove after their recent wedding at Chelsea. Miss Dove is a Windmill Theatre actress, and intends to resume her stage career on return from their honeymoon in the South of France, where they flew. F/Lt. Wanic was a fighter pilot, and has flown over 8,000 hours

it was proved that, with this gear, an aircraft could land and take off in all weathers along a single runway. And after all that work we gave the thing up and tried to forget about it. And now here come the Americans with their much more vigorous attack on the problem and their freedom from official obstruction. They are going to make the drift undercarriage a production job and in a few years we shall discover that we thought of it first . . . and not only thought of it first, but built it and tried it first.

The Avions Fairey Belfair

As one who wages war against those who mutilate the names of aircraft and aero-engine companies, I find myself in the awkward position of having to confess to an error. It seems that the Belfair, which I have described as the Topsy, is called the Avions Fairey Belfair. It is an all-Belgian product and not a product of the Fairey Aviation Company, Limited, of Hayes. Both companies of course, spring from the same source, but they like to have their special productions differentiated and in that I think that they are right.

Dream

THE dream of every private aeroplane owner looks like being realized. Boeing have produced a really small propjet, a 200-h.p. model. Fit this into the right kind of three- or four-seater and something could be produced fit for princes to ride in.

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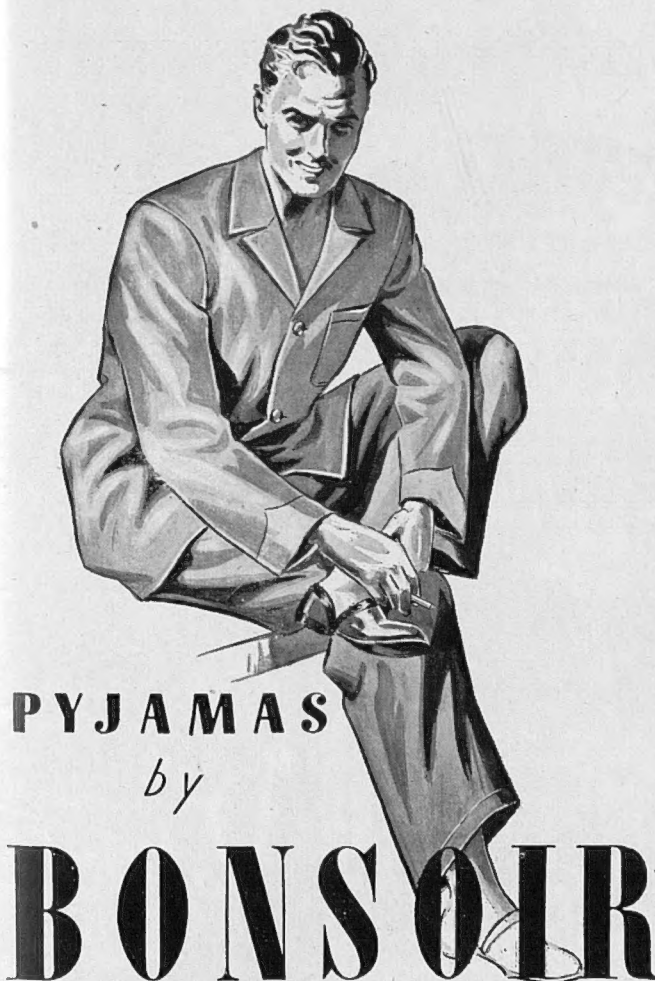


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